



Billy Bunter's Letter

To the Editor of "The Holiday Annual."

(Billy Bunter assures me that this contribution is quite original. I am sure it is—especially the spelling!—Ed. "H. A.")

DEER EDDITER,—I can't refrane
From sending you these verses ;
I humbly hope they won't call fourth
Yore edditorial kurses !

I pickcher you in sollum state
Mid piles of kontributions,
Wich deel with skooldays, war, and luv,
And publick exeekutions !

But when you get this ripping rime,
All other things you'll bannish ;
Into yore baskit's yorning depths
The manuscripps will vannish.

And you will say, " I have no time
To read this silly drivvel
Of luv and war, in days of yore ;
Such nonsense makes me snivvel !

" I'll put all other things aside
And read this ode of Billy's ;
His spelng is a work of art,
And how inspired his quill is ! "

Of corse, deer Ed., you no fool well
I'm not an igneramus ;
I boast a massiff, mity brane,
And sum day I'll be famus !

Bob Cherry offen says that if
I serve my fello-man well,
I'm bownd to reech my final gole—
The marbel halls of Hanwell !

And Quelchy slapps me on the back
And cries, " Within this kollidge
There's not a single sole, my boy,
Who has yore (lack of) nollidge ! "

Upon the footbawl feeld I'm grate !
And one day, sir, you *shall* see
A certain plump and podgy youth
Play for the 'Spurs or Chelsea !

I am a norther, too, of fame
(Did I not pen this ditty ?)
Why, even bards like Kipperling
Regard my work with—pitty !

And that reminds me—if you wish
To publish this effusion,
Pleese send a check, sir, by return
(And thus preventt konfusion !)

And mind the check's a big one, sir
(Methinks I heer you snigger !)
I hope the sum resembles *me*—
A fat, sub-shul figger !

I wish you, from my hart, sucksess
With all yore ripping papers
In wich you publilish, weak by weak,
Fool detales of our kapers !

I'll toddle to the tuckshopp now
(I'm hungry as a hunter !)
And I remane, for wheel or whoa,
Yores trewly—BILLY BUNTER !